THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIMEON DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1665.

Original Poetry.

TO BESSIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS MARY E. TUTTLE.

I had a dream, dear Bessie,
A sweet, sad dream, last night;
The mountainous quiescent sadness,
With motion, mournful light;
And so I sank down weary,
From gazing on its sea,
My thoughts took wing, and wandered
Back to my youthful days.
I dreamed I saw the moonlight
Lie trembling on the sea;
And on the white shore, gayly,
You stood, and called with me.

We were children once again,
And wandered as of yore,
Our every spot once cherished,
On that remembered shore.
The soft, dark eyes were on me,
The little hands in mine,
And lilies, lowly gathered,
Thy fair brow did entwine.
The sea-weed's dripping tresses,
Borne on the ocean swells,
We wrote in as mere between.
Adorned with its silver shells.

And then we watched the sunset,
Come gliding o'er the deep,
Like troops of wild, winged spirits,
Who fete night's keep
And everything was breathing
Of peace, joy and love,
The soft breeze gayly stealing,
The calm blue sky above.
The slender sea grass drooping,
The waves in music bowed,
Seemed to us ever whispering,

"Ah, childhood's life is sweet."

And home upon the beauty,
That evening, calm and still,
Adorn the Lunar pathway,
And down the slopes hill,
Came voices, tender voices,
We desire loved to hear;
The soft tones of woman,
And manhood's deeper tone;
The notes sent back the echoes,
Upon the throbbing air,
That no'ely yet floated
Around our spirits there.

So, lovingly we lingered,
With heart all full of glee,
I looked up to the heavens,
Then on the moonlit sea,
And thought how very lonely
Did not to fate at then,
In the eyes beamed the starlight,
The moonlight on the wave,
Thy flowing raven tresses
The wind formed in a play;
But ah, e'en as I listened thee,
The vision passed away.

And let the day was breaking,
And morning in the skies,
The tinting, ever-creative,
The die of city life
No free, foam crested billows
Now met my saddened eye;
For the bell had ceased tolling,
A hand's breadth of the sky,
And ah! I missed the presence,
Of thy tall, clasping hand,
And knew we were alone Bessie,
Went in a distant land.

Thus dreams that cast the sunrise,
Bessie life's overmorning pass
But on the better morrow
Wakes all to life again!

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "ROLFE," "LINDA," "MARCUS WARLAND," ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Come, madness! come unto me countless death,
> I cannot elude thee! Thou art really real.
> Rather than bounce or dull them.
>
> *Byron.*
>
> I know not, I ask not,
> If guilt's in that heart,
> I but know that I love thee,
> Whatever thou art.
>
> *Moore.*

In a dark and gloomy apartment, whose grated windows and dreary walls were lined here and there with blackening cobwebs,—and whose dust-worn and gloom-worn aspect made visible the pale rays of a glimmering lamp, sat the young, the handsome, the graceful, the fascinating Bryant Clinton. His head was bowed and pillowed on the stone pallet, spread in a corner of the floor, and his whole form, with both his hand drooping downward, and his long hair hanging darkly over his face, as if seeking to hide his misery.

It was a poor place for such an occupant. It was a young man of leisure now, and had to reflect on the past, the present, and the future.

The past!—golden opportunities, lost by neglect, swept away by temptation, or sold to Satan—the present!—detection, disgrace, and the fearful future!—long and dreary imprisonment,—companionship with the vilest of the vile, his house a tomb like cell in the penitentiary,—his food, bread and water,—his bed, a hard pallet,—his dress, the felon's garb of disgrace,—his companions the sheriff and the haggard sheep,—his soft white hands converted to paupers' hues!

At this black scroll slowly unrolled before his father's eye, this black scroll, on which the characters were illegible, both to red and sight, it is no wonder that he writhed and groaned and gnashed his teeth. It is no wonder that he started up and trod the narrow cell with the step of a maniac,—that he stopped and ground his head in the bars,—that he tossed to the skies and shook the iron bars, with unavailing fury,—that he cursed, in high blasphemy, with the fervor of faith, but the recklessness of misery, the impotence of despair.

Suddenly a light flashed on some other him, and reeling back to his pallet, he buried his face into the hands and wept aloud,—and the wail of a soul was the wail of doomed transgression.

"My punishment is greater than I can bear."

While there he lies, a prey to keen and unavailing agonies, we will turn to a backward scene at the same moment, in the cradle and the temptations of his youth.

Bryant Clinton was the son of obscure parents. When a little boy, his remarkable beauty attracted the admiration of every beholder. He was the pet of the village school, the favorite no less with the grave than the gay. His intelligence and grace were equal to his beauty, and all of these attributes combined in one of his lowly birth, seemed to be miraculous, he was universally admitted to be a prodigy,—a conjurer. When he was about ten years of age, a gentleman of wealth and high social standing, was passing through the town, and, like all strangers, was struck by the remarkable appearance of the boy. This gentleman was unmarried, though in the meridian of life, and, of course, uncontrolled master of all his movements. He was very peculiar in character, and his impulses, rather than his principles, guided his actions. He did not love his relations, because he thought their attentions were venal, and resolved to adopt this beautiful boy, not so much from feelings of benevolence towards him, as a desire to dissipate his necessary kindred. Bryant's natural affections were not strong enough to prove any impediment to the stranger's wish, and his parents were willing to sacrifice them, for the brilliant advantages offered to their son. So he held our young prodigy transplanted to a richer soil, and a more genial atmosphere. His benefactor resided in a great city, far from the little village where he was born, so that all the associations of his childhood were broken up and destroyed. He even took the name of his adopted father, thus losing his own identity. Had Mr. Clinton been a man of pure and upright principles, had he been faithful to the guardianship he had assumed, and educated his lover, as well as his mind, Bryant might have been the ornament instead of the disgrace, the honor instead of the bane of society. He had no salient propensities to evil, no faults which righteous wisdom might not have disciplined. But indulged, caressed, praised and admired by all around him, the selfishness inherent in human nature, acquired a bad bed growth from the sultry moral atmosphere which he breathed.

The gentle, yet restraining influence which woman, in her purity and excellence, ever exerts, was unfortunately denied him. Mr. Clinton was a bachelor, and the careful, bustling housekeeper, who kept his servants and house in order, was not likely to burden herself with the charge of young Bryant's morals. All that Mr. Clinton supervised, was his progress at school, which surpassed even his most sanguine expectations. He was still the prodigy—the lionparent—and as he had the most winning, insinuating manners,—he was still the favorite of teachers and pupils. As he grew older, he was taken much into society, and young as he was, inhaled, with the most intense delight, the incense of female admiration. The smiles and caresses bestowed upon the boy-paragon by beautiful and charming women, instead of forcing his affections, as they would have done had they been lavished upon him for his virtues rather than his graces, gave precocious growth and vigor to his vanity, till, like the cedar of Lebanon, it towered above all other passions. This vanity was only visible to others in an earnest desire to please,—it only made him appear more amiable and gentle, but it was so strong, so vital, that it could not, "but by annihilating, die."

Another fatal influence acted upon him. Mr. Clinton, like most rich bachelors, was fond of having convivial repasts, where wine and mirth abounded. To these young Bryant was often admitted, for his beauty and talents were the pride and boast of his adopted father. Here he was initiated into the secrets of the gaming-table, not by precept, (for he was not allowed to play himself,) but by observation, a medium of instruction sufficiently transparent to his acute and subtle mind. Here he was accustomed to hear the name of God uttered either in irreverence or blasphemy, and the cold sneer of infidelity withered the germs of piety a mother's hand had planted in his bosom. Better, far better had it been for him, never to have left his parent's humble but honest dwelling.

Just as he was about to enter college, Mr. Clinton suddenly died of a stroke of apoplexy, leaving the youth whom he had adopted, exposed to the wretchedness of poverty and cold-hearted relatives. He had resolved to make a splendid provision for his favorite, but he left no sole heir; but having a great horror of death, he could not bear to perform the act which would remind him of the inevitable and dreaded fatality.

"Time enough when I am taken sick," he would say, "to attend to these things," but the blow which announced the passing of death, descended on his head, and he was laid in the low, cold tenure of unconsecrated ground

lamps there. 6. The Frank Monks have an exclusive right to occupy their worship in the church east of the Corners of the Great Church of Bethlehem. 7. To prevent other monks from lighting lamps there, to celebrate their offices, and to exercise their religious worship there. 8. To oppose the visit of other nations to the Holy Sepulchre, except by way of Frank Monks. 9. The aforesaid law brought, by which the Frank Monks shall not be subjected to the authority of the country, but referred to the Sublime Porte at Constantinople. 10. The aforesaid law is forbidden to be changed or violated, in the Frank Monks at their pleasure, without any consent. 11. The Turkish Customs officers are forbidden to search the baggage of the Frank Monks, or their Pilgrims which has been specified in the Lezzat, where they landed. 12. It is likewise forbidden to take or delay the clothes of the Monks, or the ornaments of the Latin Churches. 13. To compel the Frank Monks to receive loan coin. 14. To take money from monks. 15. It is forbidden to demand the small tax due from the Frank Monks for the privilege of burying their dead. 16. To fill trust the Mukhtarlik (the municipal council) of Bethlehem in case they arrive too late. 17. To disturb, in any manner, the Monks and Pilgrims of the Holy Land in the course of their visitations of pilgrimages. 18. To distort them, at any time, in the exercise of their religious worship so long as that worship out of doors is not contrary to the Mussulman law. 19. The Turkish authorities are forbidden to put more than one visit each year to the Holy Sepulchre. 20. To compel the Frank Monks to pay for damaged wheat. 21. The Latin Fathers pos sess an exclusive right to send members of their communities or novices to Jerusalem, to ple on business, without opposition.

The View of the Interior of the Church and Shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, has been engraved from Mr. David Roberts's splendid work on Palestine, Egypt, &c.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. VII.

Naples, May 1st, 1853.

MY DEAR A——, Yesterday was a feste in honor of San Giovanni, perhaps the most popular saint in the calendar at Naples. The streets were brilliantly illuminated, the churches decorated. There was a grand procession, and an imposing ceremony at the Cathedral. The latter was performed before the High Altar, surrounded by lapsides and flows upon certain occasions to the bountiful celebration of the faithful, especially of the *lazzaroni*. Of course, on this festive feste, the saint performed the miracle, a night which he might have selected with as much propriety, chosen to resuscitate the pr—ss of the crowd and endure the most necessary waiting. The people attach great importance to that miracle, which though oft-repeated, is never able to fail them. Whenever any fluid is long liquefying, they take it as an omen of evil, and should it at any time fail to flow altogether, they would believe Naples on the eve of being destroyed by Vesuvius, or swallowed by an earthquake. It is said that at the last exhibition of the sacred bottle which took place before Murat, the blood remained eminently congealed, for an unprecedented length of time. The people were alarmed and grew turbulent, while the officers grew pale, watched the new King and government to be unpopular, chuckled triumphantly, till Murat satisfied them that unless the saint's blood flowed in five minutes, his own *should*—and speedily the miracle came off.

The Neapolitans are devout in their way, and an odd, childlike, merry way it is. I noticed the other day, in one of the churches, a man who was standing by the image of a saint, talking to it in an easy, conversational way quite deserving of —and when she left, she said to *subito* (!" assisted and nodded, and even kissed her hand as to some familiar friend. I heard a Roman, a fellow ascendete told by an English tourist, which amused me greatly. He overheard a man in a confessional praying before a shrine of the Virgin, as well as I can remember, in this wise: "Santa Maria, my poor boy is in sick, and fever—have mercy on him and cure him for the love of Jesus—remember, Santa Maria, how sorrowful you were when your son, to my honor, was in San Lorenzo, number 8, last hour—and for the love of God, don't mistake the number, for it sounds yet more cold and childlike in the Italian.

The churches of Naples are not comparable to those of Rome—being equally without grandeur or simplicity, gaudily gorgeous, and in general thing, universally poor in fine works of art.

The basilisc of *San Francesco di Paolo*, built on the plan of the Pantheon, is the finest I have yet seen. In the Church of *Santa Maria della Pietà de Longo*, built for a grand sepulcher for the princely house of Gallogico, is a several admirable pieces of sculpture—among which was a lovely image figure, veiled, a dead Christ lying end-stretch a sheet—wonderfully sculptured, and the famous allegorical group of the man in a net, striving to disentangle himself by his own intellect, personified by a gigantic. To me it is more curious than beautiful, as also most of the works in the church.

This afternoon we took a drive to the *Grotto del Cane* on the lake of Agnano. This grotto is a small cave in the side of a hill, where there is a perennial emission of carbonic acid gas. At least what of it is enough to make your head whirl, and a bench is extinguished by it in a moment. But the chief exp riments are made upon dogs, which are kept for the purpose, and which, instead of fainting pure and modestly, are in very good tradition, actually scorning to have fainted at any gas and expiring with a sort puppy sensicel in-day, cause by very reluctantly to the trial. Young as he was, he had had his experiences of life, and evidently was the mortal fear of the stern master who gave him his bit for fault of his, and lived upon his scanty Laid upon his back in the cave, he set up a lon plorate howl, which was answered by a chorus of canine mates from across dogs-kennels. According to the book, if held there another half minute, he should have gone off among the stars—but the tender-hearted keeper of the cave very justly interfered with the complete success of the experiment. By there was quite a satisfactory amount of spasmodic action, and the poor little brute kennited about very closely, and walked drunk, up to the time of our leaving. I know it is a cruel, senseless exhibition, but it is one of the sights which I could not shirk, and had we omitted it, certain it is that some kind friend would afterwards have considered wish us on having missed "the very best thing to be seen at Naples." Besides, I really suppose the dogs are treated no worse than, or even to being skinned.

After our return to the city, which we reached in the night of the beautiful sun-set time, we took a turn on the Cupole Mentle, the finest esplanade in Naples, commanding some of the most glorious views of sea and shore. On the drive we met the King's brother, the Duke di Syracusa, sporting a fashionable turnout. He is a great, coarse looking man, bearing a strong resemblance, in the manner of his features, to his father Ferdinand II. Here, and on the just more fashionable and accessible Via Chiaja, we saw many hundreds of carriages, of all grades and varieties, filled with smiling and gaily dressed people. The Neapolitan is a lounging animal in the world are the Neapolitan—especially those of the middle classes. Carriage riding, promenading leadily themselves in all sorts of queer dresses, in fashions, painting and decoration—and the harness, too, is rich, and not in bad taste in lessen darkness. Horses go gleaming and cinaling and tinkling under a prodigious accession of polished brass, and such an immeasurable quantity of bay bells as you would never believe it possible to string and wear about their thin necks and heads.

Angles seems to us more and more cheerful and charming—there is everywhere such a free and rattle, and seasoning benefit of business and pleasure, of work and play, that one is not weary, or vexed, or ad ustic, to absolutely surcharged with life. A drive through one of the streets gives you a wonderful, stirring impression of humanity. Now comes a troop of soldiers, fine, gallant looking men; now a group of galley slaves, escorted by a guard; now a band of street musicians; now you pass a peculiar little dramatic establishment, from which certain odd, unmistakable sounds proclaim to a grinning crowd the dramatic infelicity of Mr. and Mrs. Punch. Now goes by the carriage of a Prince, followed, it may be, by a peasant's cart, drawn by a mule or donkey. Now a funeral procession, a few priests with torches, the dead within borne upon a bier, coffinless, and dressed as in life, preceded and followed by professional mourners in white dominoes, masked, and looking more diabolical and awful than you can conceive.

It is customary to go down into the basenis of the immense city, the shore—to see them up to their hips in water, busy dragging in a small fish-net—formerly doing, with much toiling and pur suit, the work we—or to watch them as they lie asleep up sand, with their brown faces turned up and the sun—a peculiar, half-sorrowful, half-contented beauty and dignity of the sun-dried clam. Which I fear there is little hope for many centuries to come.

May 2nd.—This morning we had an observation of the literary the Theatre of San Carlo, which is closed at night, but we could get in by ring a ballet rehed. It is a magnificent house, certainly, not so large as I expected from its reputation, but of perfect proportions for effect, to our conspects of interest which we were unable to see our Passeng—ger Lafayette *Friday.*

We first went to the *Salisbury*, the street of a vehicle, which is chiefly occupied by the Neapolitan called by the cocotte the haunts of Velvet. Here the ennui which is still asleep in several places, native is seen at night,—the ground resonates beath you when a theme is struck upon type it, or before a small cave, from which smoke issuing heat is unbearable, and where is half a fall in an of a tremendous fire nace in full blast. Altogether, it is a place to fill one with breadway fear and dread, and though immensely lauded, I was not fully satisfied with it personally, subjurous confess. A number of the girls were pretty—but they did it by lovely, yet so fully fair figures and dusting few elements—like me now, strongly, and I must say that the band of ragged and hymn-chanting saints re gained from their long and unwilling rest, by an means unconscious of their carnal pleasures. We every night in this hour and resort to the place, you see people plotting to their nonexcellent propensities. Old clothes venders were there, and at full length upon their stock in trade, sleeping soundly amid the tumult. Young boys were there, and their sleek heads by their beginned hands, oblivious of lost caution. Orange girls slumbered, leaning against their fruit baskets, and even the priests of Morpheus. Fish-venders slept through their tubs, and above their sooty hearths, saw in the dreamy distance the Elysian fields of sweet restorer," above a table of tripe, hall-asleep, with his chin—like things—in his hand. Not even the cheese and macaroni had a power to disturb the slumbering world.

We left the place at the worst co-mfable, a gloomy, fearful place. Along the front are hanging the bodies of a band of brigands executed many years ago. From the dam lodged in these skulls, grass and mosses have taken root, and from the eye-sockets of five flowers have sprung; so, after all, they were not so terrible to look upon as the living heads of the rest of the prison, which glared down and yelled and howled at us. We passed into another large place, which, like this, seemed crowded with criminals. In no city of Europe shall I have visited, have I seen so impressive and terrible a picture of human degradation, of the lowest chasms, as at Naples. For this reason, I do not believe it the most dangerous. I would as soon live upon the most perilous slope of Vesuvius as among this people. But I do think, on the whole, it the most vile.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Clippings.

EXERCISE stands always fronting God.
A firm, clear conscience—with God.
And grand due ties, that murmur evermore—
With God, God only.

A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watches with much interest the course and conduct of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing-rooms of fashionable hotels. "If," said she, "a husband is over and d'ept a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the OB. If they walk together, the OB is the meekest, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else. If they walk side by side, the OB is pretty certainly henpecked, but there will be somewhat particular hereafter, in saying the comforter of the truth of such significant signs."

AN Examination Committee, about to test the capacities of an applicant for a place of teaching, put the following question to him:—"Suppose you were in the Senate, and addressed General"—"At what period?" panting and trembling the hotel; "at what—ah! you've not me there!—Well, was I to come to the side Christ"—"Before or after Christ. Reflect, sir, after Christ. Do you understand me?"—"Don't of the most celebrated numbers—the Pater Noster was consulted the other day by a younger practitioner upon an obscure point in the science. "Can you tell me," said the young man," replied the advocate: "I have pleaded once one way, and once the other, and I am not sure which side I am on."

AMBASSADOR PROKESCH (THE TRE TO ENGLAND) was one day taken a ship to the water, but you cannot make it wine."

TAYLOR says that the odor of tomatoes, when cooking, is like that of a new bonnet—but you cannot make it wine."

TAYLOR says that the odor of tomatoes, when cooking, is like that of a new bonnet—"Two sisters wait washing." We hope they may get it.

☞ How strange it is that no position has ever been discovered to draw out a man's wife from his side, when he wishes to speak to a friend!

☞ A contemporary imagines that gold will go on increasing until it becomes less valuable than silver, being scarcer. First we run pence to see ten penny nails take the place of brazenpins. Gold, in his opinion, is bound to go the same way. Then we shall have to be content with paper.

☞ A man at the Astor House Sandgrass has repented, gone home, taken off her bonnet, and sworn eternal attachment to petticoats and domestic life.

☞ It is a fact that some girls don't know how to make a bed. They lay the sheets on the other day, the very innocently asked—"What is the use of it—and what good does it do?" "Why," said the other, "it is to keep the bed in tatter."—*Exchange paper.*

☞ Taylor, the Yankee stage manager of the theatre of Angria. They are apt to talk of women in "angels," but there's not a word of the kind in the whole of Angria. They are always of the other sex.—*Exchange.*

☞ To Cure Corns.—Take a little common sense, and put your feet in a pair of shoes that corn is going to feed, and the a rag round it to keep it from getting cold. The corn will die immediate relief.

☞ The following is very much as good as Bailey's famous "What is misery, stripped of its elaborate—a jest." "What makes reason reel, and the heart faint, and the brain sick?" another question which some of our readers may be able to answer. "When a man cannot conceive himself to be in love but he is sure of his mouth!"

☞ An esteemed religious acquaintance, on being asked what part of the Bible interested him most, replied—"The Profits." He is a merchant.

☞ Father Lamson and Abby Folsom to-gether—the former a Methodist minister, who deped the luncheon crowded around the city, the the vicissitudes of the latter, who stepped on the platform, they were accosted on all sides by "Hack, sir! hack, master! hack, sir!" "No, my friends," said the latter, "I am called Abby," we read that the spectators generally were much relieved to find "no hack" mentioned one of the whips, and I believe that all learnt their road; I haven't had a ride for a week."

☞ There are on the New York Customhouse roster now two hundred subordinates. For these places there are now three thousand applicants at the present writing.

☞ Mr. Bonaparte, the father of the Empress Josephine, and who was a Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, still resides in that city. She is about 79 years of age, and is considered a remarkably fine lady.

☞ The Boston Atlas, in giving an account of a riot, says——The Irish maintained their ground, retreating inch by inch.

☞ "Pa," said a little miss upon her first journey, "I guess our aunt Ralph is a good Christian." "Why so, my boy?" queried the proud parent. "Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall have no rest day nor night, and Aunt Ralph says he has *found out* ever since he was a little boy."

☞ There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen, written on 5,426 palm leaves.

☞ The legal profession is said to be greatly on the decline in all quarters. Middle Temple, London, is fast being deserted, the occupants having gone to Australia or Botany Bay. That is a sign the Millennium is coming.

☞ The Roman Catholic Bishop of Massachusetts, is said to be a warm friend of the Public School System. He was educated in such a school himself, and, as the "Lawrence Sentinel" justly observes, "Understands the subject better than clergymen from above, who, however familiar with their church polity, have not a clear view of the peculiar character of this government."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE, EXCEPT WHEN A BRIEF REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2.50 not paid in advance. For 16 copies, one copy is sent three years. We reckon the time from the issue of the whole, to the end of the year, to which the subscription is paid.

4 Copies,	$5.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
26 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$30 00 "

Any person sending a club, or person having sent in money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided they be all sent in at one time, and forwarded at the same time as the first subscription. Old clubs cannot be added to, but additional copies may be sent at full length upon their old lists, sleeping soundly amid the tumult. Young boys were there, and their sleek heads by their beginned hands, oblivious of lost caution. Orange girls slumbered, leaning against their fruit baskets, and even the priests of Morpheus. Fish-venders slept through their tubs, and above their sooty hearths, saw in the dreamy distance the Elysian fields of sweet restorer," above a table of tripe, half-asleep, with his chin—like things—in his hand. Not even the cheese and macaroni had a power to disturb the slumbering world.

To Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be sent, if possible. The wise should pay for their subscriptions before the end of the year, to which the subscription is paid. Otherwise they may probably than ever see the money. Specimen numbers will be sent to any one who will forward the name and address of a friend.

Bad Names or Post Offices.—Sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The Post Office address of the paper, it should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, to which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the last numbers of Mrs. Lee Heate's novels,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present No. Editor of the Post, we would say that Mrs. Lee Heate is Mrs. Lee Heate's novelist, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of stories interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And being the author herself from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by Grace Greenwood. The series will include letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

We have also in hand a corps of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and poems from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

A WOMAN ON WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Miss Leslie, in her "Behaviour Book," recently published, has some remarks upon Woman's Mission, which undoubtedly will bring down upon her head the wrath of all the "Rights" party. She has the boldness to say—

Generally speaking, it is injudicious for ladies to attempt arguing with gentlemen on political or theological topics. All the difference in the world between a man possibly acquire or retain, by talking upon such subjects with persons with the knowledge of men, that the more ignorant he finds a lady, the more confident of masculine minds. Still, it is well for a woman to be acquainted with the leading principles of the theory of a female mind is seldom of the subject treated of, therefore it is to be understood invariably when she puts pen to paper. Age considered out of their sphere: but very few gentlemen, however old, are pleased with a lecturer, who only asks questions for the sake of answering them. Nor can he dispense knowledge but few of them believe that in acquaintances exactly suited to their own habits of thinking, or in questions of women. It is true there are and have been women who have distinguished themselves greatly in the higher branches of science and literature, and whose names will therefore be also clearly decorated. But can the annals of history produce a single instance of a female being the master chiefs of the great American states, or of a female holding the office of chief magistrate, and have made fortunes by their eminent talents as lawyers? Can we find a Julius, a Caius, a Richard Kelly, an Aubrey, a Boldero, a Hume, a Brougham, a Peel, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, or an anything conducted with such ability as Lord John Russell? Any of these have been done by men of no early education, and were better than the most celebrated women could possibly be. Men can be dispense knowledge of the highest order, and were better than the most celebrated women could possibly be. Men can be dispense knowledge of the highest order, and were better than the most celebrated women could possibly be. Men can be dispense knowledge of the highest order, and were better than the most celebrated women could possibly be.

The wages of labor in England, in the year 1850, were 60 per cent. higher than in the year 1760, and the price of food 50 per cent. higher. The wages of housekeeping in England, and all that is our comfortable, are 100 per cent. higher than in the year 1760, and the price of food 50 per cent. higher. The wages of housekeeping in England, and all that is our comfortable, are 100 per cent. higher than in the year 1760, and the price of food 50 per cent. higher.

THE FEMALE POOR.

The following extract, we believe, is from a New York paper:"

Female Felon.—Look at those pale-faced, but unsympathizing-browned girls. Who are they? I'll tell you; they are some of the girls of the city, who have been driven to prostitution for its bread a day, and who have been driven to lower remuneration. They are the victims of circumstances, and not of their own. They are a combination of causes, and the first of these is the want of employment. Why is it that the store-keeper can employ only a limited number of girls? Why is it that the city, with its million of inhabitants,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Bank of England has advanced its rate of discount to three and a half per cent. The rise did not make any material change in the funds.

At the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta, the Swedish yacht Sveridge, that ran against the America, gained the race by twenty-one seconds, but a protest is entered, in consequence of her having fouled one of the other competing yachts.

At the Queen's last levee, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Gilpin, ex-President Van Buren, and his son, Mrs. Renelle, Gen. Cooper, Hon. Butler King and other Americans were presented.

The Earl of Ducie, the celebrated agriculturist, is dead.

Nothing new had transpired with regard to the position of the French Government in relation to affairs in the East.

By a decree linseed for seed may be imported into France free of duty.

The crops in France were in good condition and promising.

France, in retaliation for the Austrian alliance, demands from Belgium fifty millions of francs for aid rendered in Louis Philippe's time.

The approaching marriage of the Duke de Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, with the Austrian Arch Duchess Marie, had been officially announced to the Chambers. The marriage will be celebrated next month at Brussels.

The difference between the United States and the Pacha of Egypt have been arranged.

In consequence of the intolerant attitude lately assumed by the ultramontane party, the Protestant clergy of France, at their last annual conference, appointed a committee to consider what steps are necessary to be taken for the maintenance of religious liberty.

Diplomatic relations have *not* been re-established between Austria and Switzerland, notwithstanding the assertion to that effect in the London Times and other journals. At the same time, the probability is that negotiations will be resumed, inasmuch as, before Austria attacks Switzerland, she must calculate the probable action of France.

A significant incident may be here repeated. When the Swiss Council of State offered the command of their forces to Gen. Dufour, that veteran telegraphed to Napoleon, asking whether he should accept or decline the command. A reply was at once returned to accept. It should be remembered that Dufour was one of Louis Napoleon's artillery instructors, when the latter was living in exile in Switzerland, and very friendly feelings still exist between them.

NEWS ITEMS.

Time has made some change in the appearance of Niagara Falls within five years. The Table Rock on the Canada side has nearly disappeared, and only a small vestige of the once celebrated projection now remains. On the American side, near to the Observatory, another piece of rock has been carried away, on which a portion of the bridge from Goat Island rested. This bridge once extended out some distance beyond the stone tower, but now scarce projects beyond it.

During the fifteen years ending in 1852, 998 persons were convicted of capital crimes in Great Britain, of whom 152 were executed, 617 transported for life, and the remainder had their sentences commuted to lighter punishments. The number of executions in the United States has been proportionably large.

A public discussion was held at Jennersville, Chester county, on Tuesday and Wednesday week, between Rev. Mr. Orvis and C. C. Burleigh, according to public notice. A large crowd was in attendance. The question for discussion was, "Are the American Church and Ministry a Brotherhood of Thieves?" Mr. Burleigh took the affirmative, and Mr. O. the negative.

Prof. Mapes says: "Use six bushels of common salt per acre, on fields intended for corn, a few days before planting." This will do away with grubs and wire worms.

Letters from the coast of Africa state that seventy five persons sold out of the colony of Sierra Leone as slaves to the neighboring tribes have been delivered up to the authorities. Fifteen of the buyers and sellers had been convicted. A notorious slave dealer, Don Crispo, was in prison, waiting passage to the Canaries for trial. For several years the ships of war have been trying to secure this well-known character.

THE BRAIN.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, it was attempted to demonstrate by a learned academician, from various careful experiments on the brains of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger than the size of a pin's head.

SUNDAY AMONG THE GERMANS.—In Cincinnati, Louisville, and other Western cities where the German population is numerous, thousands of these people assemble Sunday afternoons and evenings in gardens fitted up in the German plan, and spend the hours in eating, drinking, smoking, promenading and listening to marches, polkas, &c., performed by brass bands. This is a national custom among the Germans, they considering it perfectly proper thus to pass the Sabbath afternoons after attending divine worship in the morning.

A Tennessee paper says that a cow gave birth recently to seven calves, all of whom with the mother died.

ENOCH REED.—This person, tried and convicted at the January term of the United States Court, for participating in the "Jerry Rescue," died on Wednesday week, of consumption, in Syracuse, aged 38 years.

PENNSYLVANIA WOOL.—Nearly the entire clip of wool in Greene county, has been already purchased, at prices ranging from forty to seventy five cents per pound. The clip in Washington county is pretty generally purchased at similar rates.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher states in The New York Independent, that it is not true that any part of the avails received by his sister, Mrs. Stowe, from the sales of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the "Key," are to be used for building a house for Prof. Stowe and family at Andover. The dwellings for the Professor are furnished by the Corporation. The avails are to be appropriated for the establishment of an institution for the education of the colored race in this country, as also will be the contribution Mrs. Stowe receives in Europe.

The ravages of the caterpillar have commenced already. The Hartford Courant says that the maples in Connecticut are suffering from the attacks of a yellowish-green worm, about an inch long. The fruit trees and elms of Connecticut are covered with canker-worms, and oak forests of Maine are devoured by the black caterpillar. The increase of their number every year is attributed to the wholesale destruction of the birds that feed upon them.

There are in the city of New York nineteen parks, valued at $9,161,000. Of these the most valuable is the Battery, which is set down at $3,000,000. The City Hall Park comes next, which is worth $2,500,000. The largest is Tompkins Square, the extent of which is not stated. The next in size is the Battery, covering about 11 acres; after which comes the Park, not far from 10½ acres.

The wool clip of Maine, it is said, will fall short in amount from former years. The short crop of hay throughout the State last year, and the demand for mutton, together, has caused quite a diminution of the flocks.

Silk of a fawn color, with a tinge of gold, is now fashionable in Paris, and is known by the name of *aurifere*.

Captain Gunnison, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, is about to leave St. Louis with a party to survey the route of the Pacific Railroad, along the line designated by Col. Benton. The party will be composed of twenty scientific gentlemen, and will be accompanied by thirty dragoons. They will winter at Salt Lake City.

A monster tree is spoken of by the Coloma, California Chronicle, which is over two hundred and twenty feet high, with the extraordinary circumference of eighty-eight feet. It was measured by Messrs. Field and Lewis, five feet from the ground.

TWO OF THE "F. F.'s"—Read the following marriage announcement and you will surely conclude from the many names that the parties must belong to the F. F.'s of the Old Dominion.

At Lewisburg, Va., April 29th, Mr. Leonard Cornelius Class Vanderaugle Caper Van Hoff, Jr., to Miss Mary Cleopatra Prosperina Victoria Cinderella Paulina Marguerita Lucinda Harris, Sycamore Creek, Nicholas county, Va.—*Wilmington, N. C. Journal.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW PAPER IN WASHINGTON.—Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, is said to have projected a new Democratic paper, to be published in Washington City. If he will say once a week as good a thing as he said to Douglas, just *before* the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, we will guaranty his success. The "little giant" was just then manufacturing friends as fast as he could, and was "willing" to everybody. Sauntering up to Tucker one day, and throwing his arm familiarly around him, he said:

WONDERFUL—BEATING EVEN AMERICAN LEGISLATORS.—The late New Brunswick Legislature passed what is called the "Contingent Bill." This was to embrace those ordinary expenses attendant on a public body, such as stationery, &c. The members of the Legislature, however, put a most extraordinary construction on the bill, by which they obtained gold pencils, seals, paper, pens, &c., sufficient to last several years. One man, the noblest Roman of them all—as has just come to light, succeeded in making the bill include *a whole set of false teeth and a wig*. These useful articles cost, in our currency, about $300. A contingent bill must be a queer affair. Wonder if a member couldn't clothe his family under its broad provisions?

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.—Reid, the forger, who was arrested in Uniontown, last week by officer Bruen, made his escape near Xenia, night before last. Mr. Bruen was forced to leave his prisoner for a few minutes; he left him ironed, and chained to the car seat, around which several persons were sitting. Reid managed to slip his hand cuffs, and get out of the car, after which all traces of him were lost.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Miscellaneous.

INEXPRESSIBLY SILLY.

In our Republican simplicity and uncultivated ignorance, we must of necessity overlook many of the startling beauties of monarchies, and aristocracies. It is naturally to be expected that we should be a great way behind the age in all such matters. Occasionally, however, an opportunity presents itself of rescuing a sparkling gem from the great ocean of oblivion, such as happens to occur at the present moment. Next to the daily chronicle of the puerilities of the royal household, perhaps the following from the London *Times* may be interesting to the Englishman born in the United States. The reader will bear in mind that this took place in Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, sitting in Banco, Easter term, city of London:

From the London Times, May 25.

This being the Queen's birthday, their lordships entered Court in their scarlet robes and full bottomed wigs. At the bar there were present in the front row Sergeants Channell, Miller and Thomas, in their ordinary bar dress. The two former gentlemen, on seeing their lordships, immediately left the Court to change their robes, Mr. Sergeant Thomas remaining.

The Chief Justice—I am sorry I cannot call upon you, brother Thomas, as you are not in proper costume.

Mr. Sergeant Thomas apologised to their lordships, and said he had put on his full-bottomed wig, but hearing that the Judges in the Queen's Bench had on their bar wigs, and that the Queen's Council in the other Courts appear...

☞ "It is well known here that the popular articles," says the Boston Transcript, "signed 'Fanny Fern,' are written by Mrs. Farrington, formerly Mrs. Eldridge, of this city. The lady is the daughter of our venerable fellow citizen, Nathaniel Willis, Esq., for many years editor and publisher of the *Boston Recorder*." Then, we suppose, she is a sister of N. P. Willis.

☞ A young man named Sawin has just committed suicide in Princeton, for the singular reason that he had invited three or four young ladies to attend with him a social levee, and each in turn had refused his invitation.

☞ Moses Sheppard, of Baltimore, has donated $890,000 to build an insane hospital in that city. He is a bachelor, a Quaker, and a Yankee.

☞ "Father wants to know if you'll lend him two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs; but you did not return the last." "No, nor I sha'n't tech them 'ere, without you split 'em!"

☞ EMMA.—"What *do* you think, dear gran'ma? The ladies in Paris wear their hair taken off the forehead and sprinkled with silver!"

GRANDMA.—"Do they, indeed! Well, my darling, so long as they are respectable, there can be no harm in gray locks!"

☞ AN UGLY SET.—The names of the vessels composing the British fleet that is to harass our fishermen the coming season, are—*Netley, Plumper, Basilisk, Vixen and Devastation*.

☞ He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. Y.*

Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*

Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*

Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*

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Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS IN NEW YORK!

☞ The fame of this invaluable medicine has extended with surprising rapidity, only to be accounted for on the ground of its great merit. One trial alone is sufficient to establish its title as the only specific for Liver Complaint. The following, from a New York druggist, gives evidence of the high estimation in which these Pills are held in that section of country:—

HEMLOCK LAKE, Livingston Co., N. Y.

DR. M'LANE: *Dear Sir*—I have sold out all your...

a15 per M feet. Two cargoes of Laths, extra quality, sold at $2 per M.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 11th inst.

	feet	2,029,041
Previously		12,398,158
Total this season		14,427,199

MOLASSES—The market continues very quiet. Small sales of Cuba at 22a23c, and Porto Rico at 26 a29c, all on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 4a500 barrels Soap Rosin at $2,75 per bbl. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine has been in steady demand. Sales o 400 bbls in lots at 44a46c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is a fair inquiry for all descriptions of Fish Oils from store at full rates. Linseed Oil is dull; small sales at 61c. Winter Lard Oil is steady at 83a84c, 4 mos. Imports of Oil and Bone into the United States for the week ending June 13, 1853:

	Sperm	Whale	Bone
New Bedford	870	6,480	36,000
Boston		90	
Nantucket		25	
New London		2,450	12,000
Total	870	9,045	48,000
Previously	40,912	170,957	4,132,650
From Jan 1 to date	41,782	180,002	4,180,650
Same time last year	27,604	67,103	1,056,820

PLASTER—Is dull, and supplies are arriving freely; sales of Soft at $3,55 per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited; small sales at 4¼a4½c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—In Clover and Timothy nothing doing, and prices are nominal. Small sales of Flaxseed at $1,35 per bushel.

SPICES—The sales have been only in small lots, without change in prices.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet a limited inquiry at our last quotations. N. E. Rum is steady at 39c. Whiskey is firm at 23c in bbls, and 22c in hhds.

SUGAR—There has been rather more activity in the market during the past week, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of 2,000 hhds at 4¼a4½c for Cuba; 4½a5c for Porto Rico, and 4½a5c per lb on time for New Orleans.

TALLOW—Prices range from 8½ to 9c per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—There is a steady demand for the supply of the trade without change in prices.

TOBACCO—The sale of both Leaf and Manufactured have been limited, but prices are firm.

WINES—A catalogue was offered by auction to-day, but generally only the samples were disposed of at medium prices.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry during the past week, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 80,000 lbs at 34 up to 60c per lb, 6 mos. The bulk of the New Jersey clip is now in, and supplies from the West have commenced coming forward.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firmer. Some engagements have been made at 2s per bbl for Flour, and 7d per bushel for Grain. Colliers are in demand at $1,75a1,81 per ton to Boston; $1,45 to Rhode Island, and $1,05 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The time must soon come, when every family, every physician, every asylum and hospital, must be provided with this great Family Medicine. Such is its influence over disease, that its place cannot be supplied, where a healthful expectorant is required; its great virtues in diseases of the Throat, Breast or Lungs, incipient or confirmed Consumption, &c., cannot be obtained from any other preparation, as the experience of thousands have testified.

BE VERY PARTICULAR to obtain the original Preparation, as prepared by DR. SWAYNE, at his Laboratory, No. 4 North SEVENTH Street. Until you obtain this compound, you will never know the *real virtues of the "Wild Cherry."* 1t

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.—A New Volume. Now is the time to subscribe. Published monthly, in a beautiful Quarto. Illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the structure, anatomy and physiology of the human body, with familiar instructions to learners. It is emphatically a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all cases and in all diseases.

TERMS—only One Dollar a Year, in advance. Address, post paid, FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

"The Water-Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health; always ready, straight-forward, and plain-spoken, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature, without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, but in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats."—*New York Tribune.*

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, profusely illustrated with Engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly, at One Dollar a year. All letters should be post-paid, and directed to

FOWLERS AND WELLS.

Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau St., New York.

Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, will find this JOURNAL a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed. june 4-4t

ALMANAC.

June, 1853.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.			
					D.	H.	M.
25 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	6 6				
26 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	6 56				
27 Monday,	4 35	7 25	7 42				
28 Tuesday,	4 36	7 24	8 25				
29 Wednesday,	4 36	7 24	9 7	New	6	3	3
30 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	9 48	First	14	10	25
1 Friday,	4 36	7 24	10 30	Full	21	1	8
2 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	11 11	Last	28	1	33

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cottage farm, Upper Merion, Montgomery co., ...

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) 1 insertion,	$2.00
" " " 3 months,	$20.00
" " " 6 months,	$35.00
" " " 1 year,	$60.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FIFE'S PATENT OBLIQUE POINTED STEEL PENS, never before offered to the public. It is the best Pen in the world.

T. B. PETERSON,

No. 102 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADA,

Has just been appointed the Sole Agent for the sale of these valuable Pens, at wholesale or retail, for the United States.

There are three kinds, viz:

1st. The Slip Pen. Price per gross, One Dollar.

2d. The Slip Pen, neatly done up in boxes, twelve pens in a box, and twelve boxes in another larger box, making a gross of pens. Price One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents a gross.

3d. The Magnum Bonum.—This is the best Mercantile and Commercial Pen ever made. Done up twelve in a box; and twelve of these boxes in a larger box, making a gross of pens. Price Two Dollars a gross.

The excellence of a well made Quill Pen is acknowledged by all, but few are aware that the cause is, that it bends laterally at the point, in making shades, and becomes an Oblique Pen.

The ordinary pen, when held well made, is a perfect instrument for the *Back Hand*, for the split and the shades, or downward marks, are there in a line, and the pen does not scratch or scrape the paper; but it is imperfect for writing at the ordinary slope.

Teachers of Penmanship always direct the pupils to hold the Pen so that the top will point over the right shoulder, for, by so doing, the splits and shades are brought more in a line, but still, when "held well," there is from 15 to 35 degrees difference between the split of the pen and the downward marks.

W. FIFE'S OBLIQUE PEN

Obviates this difficulty. It curves or deflects from 15 to 35 degrees to the right at that point, where it comes in contact with the paper, and is as perfect an instrument for *Sloped Writing*, as the straight pen is for back hand.

When "held well," it places the shades naturally, and without the effort required with the old pen.—*When "held badly,"* or with the hand on one side, as most persons hold it, the point of the pen comes to the paper in as good a position to make smooth work, as the point of the old pen can when held in the best manner.

We have certificates from all the best writing masters in favor of this pen above all others, and all persons that ever use them once, will never use any other.

Any of the above three kinds of Pens will be sent to any one to any place in the United States, FREE OF POSTAGE BY MAIL, on their remitting the price of a gross of either kind they wish, in a letter, post-paid, addressed to the Sole Agent for the sale of them.

T. B. PETERSON,

1t No. 102 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADA.

A NEW VOLUME

OF WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET commences with the July number, and of course now is a favorable time for new subscribers. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient, though the publisher begs to employ two words just to say that the *Cabinet*—the most popular illustrated dollar magazine in the Union—is more captivating than ever. The editor, Francis C. Woodworth, in his Foreign Sketches, is now rambling with the reader among the wonderful ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Biography of Distinguished Americans is still continued. Try this magazine. You will find it just the thing for your family. Each number contains 48 pages. There are two volumes in a year—...

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SECOND VOLUME.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL AND WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

THE JULY NUMBER OF T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, which begins the Second Volume, is now ready. Each number of this Magazine contains 80 large double column pages of reading matter, besides a handsomely engraved STEEL PLATE, and many fine WOOD ENGRAVINGS. Of the character and quality of the HOME MAGAZINE, let the following notices testify. They are taken from hundreds of similar tenor:

We value the Magazine more highly than anything we have yet seen in Magazinedom.—*Schoolmistress, Akron, O.*

This Magazine, although one of the youngest, is certainly one of the most popular periodicals in the country.—*Philada. Inquirer.*

This periodical should be a "standard" in every family.—*Intelligencer, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

A Magazine conducted as it is, cannot fail to win its way to public favor.—*Philada. News.*

It is just what it purports to be, a *Home* Magazine, eminently adapted to the wants of the family.—*Miscellany, Thomaston, Maine.*

We predict for this Magazine a popularity never exceeded in this country. It is the best and cheapest published this side of the Atlantic.—*Herald, Springfield, N. Y.*

Mr. Arthur has succeeded in getting up, in our opinion, one of the best and cheapest Magazines of the day.—*Cincinnati Daily Atlas.*

Subscription price $2 a year. 2 copies, one year, $3—3 copies $4—4 copies, $5. At these prices, the Home Magazine is *the cheapest Magazine in the world.*

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,

1t 107 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. C. SEAMAN'S PATENT ICE CREAM FREEZER.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE AT NO. 55 DOCK STREET.

THIS MACHINE IS WARRANTED TO Freeze a forty Quart Can in thirty minutes. A twenty Quart Can in twenty minutes. A twelve Quart Can in eighteen minutes. An eight Quart Can in sixteen minutes. A four Quart Can in fourteen minutes, smoother than it can be froze by any other process now in use, with less Salt and Ice, with the same Quality of Cream, under a forfeiture of One Hundred Dollars. je18-3t*

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!

34 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN FARREL,

Dealer in all kinds of Iron Safes and Money Chests, and is...

CHERRY PECTORAL

Selected Poetry.

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I greet upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, grass mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and grasses of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The humblebee hum and murmur by.

And what if cheerful shoots at noon
Come, from the village sire,
Or sage of musty learning there
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?

I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sudden sign of woe—
Nor wo wild sorrow there—

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But you, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep.
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose pure, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Selected Sketch.

CHAPTER ON RIDING-WHIPS.

FROM THE COURT JOURNAL.

The use of the riding-whip, as an object of luxury, seems to have been utterly unknown to the early ages. In the East, even to this day, where the most and lashwearings are made such objects of interest, the existence of the riding-whip as a manufactured article is, as yet, unknown. The high-mettled Arab steed is urged on by the Sultan or any other chief would be considered were he seen to have such an article attached to the whip. The light hand of the rider, the delicate mouth of the steed, are found more than sufficient substitutes for the whip. The spur itself is but seldom used, and examples have been known where the bravery of the high-mettled race of steeds in Egypt have refused to sell certain favorites of their stock, unless the buyer would consent to part with them by the most solemn oath that the creature should never be made to feel either bit or spur. The Great Indies still ride astride with the graceful twig of some mentioned in the ancient novel of *Charicles*. The back is still perfect in the end to long stripe, leaving the twig green and white, and in the safer cities, the stripes are prized by the leagues of the fair Amazon in imitation of freshness and agreeable smell. Nothing can be more graceful than the long, thin branch of a cane, under still used by the women of Albania to urge the speed of the mules on which they ride, a bough and cane of the nude. The dexterity displayed by some of the young girls in maintaining the freshness of the leaves for a considerable time is sometimes surprising. The riding-whip seems not to have been introduced into general use until the reign of Henry III. of France. One of the best pictures of Callot, a celebrated court painter of the time, represents the manner of dancing the *gentilezze*, a sort of dance which flourished in the court of Henry, sent from Italy by the King's mother. It appears to have been danced at Florence, with the assistance of long wands of cherry, which by the time thereon were compelled to carry, in order to designate a certain figure of the dance by the manner chosen, while the ladies carried sticks of ivory for the same purpose. These materials must have been too expensive, and were soon laid aside for the *bastone*, which Beaujoyeux says he has seen exhibited in a novel—invented article, as he takes the trouble to explain its form and use. "A long elastic wand of cane or osier, covered with silk, and embroidered upon several it, and ornamented with colored tassels and silver bells, like those which the noble cavaliers of Spain carry in their hands when they escort the ladies to the chase." It was then, by all appearance, that the riding whip was first adopted by the ladies of France. The heavy riding-whip used by the youths of England could scarcely be wielded by their delicate hands, and they were, therefore, compelled to depend upon their caresses for assistance when required. The *bastone* from Spain was joyfully received, and we find it, almost immediately after its introduction to court, upon the occasion of the grand ball given in honor of the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse, where it was in indispensable appendage to the riding gear of a gentleman.

While Marguerite de Valois lay besieged in the town of Nerac, she would occasionally sally forth, accompanied by her maids of honor, all chosen for their youth and beauty from amongst the very flower of the French nobility. The Queen was her self a beauty of matchless symmetry so far as the enemy's fire, and carnacle flirt gallantry with the stanest soldiers before the very eyes of the captain in command, who, nothing loath, with true Gascon gallantry, would round to home, and, on the other side of the line of demarcation, would wheel and caper in consort with the fair ladies, to the great delight of the Queen and the horror of poor old Monsieur de Pibrac, the military governor of the town. The heavy riding-whip used by the youths of the Queen to be seen gallanting over the country at all hours, making with Gallic humor love and liberty and that of her Flying Squadron, as she calls the troop of maids of honor by whom she is accompanied. And, indeed, these slender wands are certain love passages beginning to take place between their proprietor and the young officers of the enemy's camp: for Monsieur de Garvelle informs the that when he followed the ladies on their long rambles, he observed that when the softer gentleman gives their names) did so for their purpose, and that they were in consonance into the line, thereby emulating as it were an attack of javeline, and laughing merrily all the while, the Queen, sitting on her pudtrey, did look on in great glee, and encourage the fairy of these gentle strife. And so cleanest that Monsieur de Garvelle, who had at first imagined the thing but a matter of harmless sport, having stooped to pick up one of the heaviness which had fallen short of the mark, he observed on the part of the lady to whom the letter was destined, of course, to one of the young gentlemen in the camp. Therewith the lovely gentleman did with all eagerness, and, indeed upon executing the duty of laying the slender dagger at last, suddenly, the same as the *bastone*, proving to be Madlle de Fargo, a girl of wondrous power and vivacity, endowed from the roots and soutrel to the tip of the tail of the captain, who was forthwith hooked and buffeted and pommeled with the whole troop, of the whole troop, should be exhibit the constant pretension to regain possession of it. Correspondence between the belligerents had evidently been going on thus for some time, for Marguerite, in her summary, had complained of the merry siege of *Nerac*, and of the gallantry and accommodation which distinguished the officers of the besieging troop. The sessions the lady of M. de Pibrac also, who, although more sixty-four years of age, had, in an ungnarded moments, made her a most sexual declaration of attachment, and who, after being repulsed, would frequently pass by his foolish jealousy, and with his "unintended" complaints of intrigue being carried on between the Flying Squadron on the one hand, and the *Ami Negre* on the other. "And," adds Marguerite, with the greatest naivete, "the good and honest gentleman was led by the violence of his love for me even to declare that I myself had hooked with favor upon M. de Montlue, a young cadet of Gramatur, and second in command of the enemy's troops, whom, God wot! my heart was too sore to think of aught too—touching love or gloominess!" Oh, Marguerite! how thou could have made the siege of Nerac such a merry time!

A most dramatic story connected with the riding-whip (for it was called then), took place during sieges of Louis Treize, which filled the whole court with dismay, and caused the death of one of the most loyal and devoted of the King's lovers. Two of his Majesty's equerries, the Count de Marillac and the Seigneur de Rouville, as both deeply attached to a young orphan \, the daughter of the Baron de Fardon, some of the greatest heiresses about the court The young lady was a great favorite and player of the Queen, and often accompanied h Majesty either in one of the royal carriages, or horseback, whenever the court removed ring the summer progress to the different poses in the environs of Paris. The horror de proyal at the sudden of her royal mistress had evinced her indifferent to marriage, for it appears that her Majesty, greatly annoyed at the heiress's indifference to matrimony, and in heading the increasing ill-will and strife between ar King's two equerries, had frequently urge Mad'lle de Fardoue to guide her choice before the two, or, by accepting some one single pet as end to the hopes which undistinguished equally with each.—Mad'lle de Fardue was persuaded by her royal mistress to consider over the matter, asking only for a space of seven days to determine what course she would pursue, during which time it was supposed that neither of her suitors was to pre his suit privately, so in say way to take undue advantage of the other. The court was the staging in retirement at Fontainebleau, under encampment, but that a change having occurred for the moment, it was thought a non-suspicious time for the recreation which the ensuing ball thereof. Moreover, the rivals, at seldom meeting, and only doing so in view of the office which each of them held, the Count de Marillac appointed of displaying any of that natural irritation which had been so threatening to their friends, and a source of no magnificence whenever they chanced to be thrown together at the assemblies of the court. Rouville, or "Pleasure proper of *Dieu degeau*." Six days of the term had already expired, and the seventh had arrived, under any the *ennuiosity* of the choice of Mad'lle de Fardoue was to great ex ercer. On this fatal seventh day, the Queen, accompanied by her usual cortege, proposed to accompany his Majesty's forest in the forest, and therefore Mad'lle de Fardoue, who was a first-rate horsewoman, to attend her. The day had passed off well, the rivals always keeping in order to the horses as their office would allow, but being bored by the heat of hours, neither of them venturing to bestow the smallest mark of attention upon the object of their love.

The company was returning from the wood, some and harassed with the long day's chase. The ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite were riding somewhat cavalierly and promiscuously behind their Majesties, and by the time the Dauphiny had reached the Gate of Saint-, which opens from the forest to the wood belonging to the palace, Mad'lle de Fardoue found herself, to her astonishment, riding between M. de Marillac and M. de Rouville. Just at that moment, and as they were passing through the gate, the lady's horse stumbled, and in the endeavor to hold him up she dropped her riding-whip. In an instant, the two rivals were in motion, wheeled round to where it lay in the middle of the road, both at once jumped from their horses to pick it up, and, alas, both were successful in raising it from the ground. A loud and preconcerted shout arose from Mad'lle de Fardoue as she beheld the movement, and she uttered a loud cry as she beheld the riding-whip snatched from the hand of M. de Marillac, and triumphantly held aloft by M. de Rouville, who galloped gaily towards her, and, half slightly, with one foot in the stirrup, bent forward, and having to the ungrounded, he placed the little betasselled *ladies* in her hand; she accepted the courtesy with a graceful smile, and, little dreaming that the fatal weapon had been acting with the deadly power of Amondera and, had not conjured up a whole regiment of dense and frightful forms whose strife was to be quenched by blood alone. Her gallant entered the court-yard, and M. de Rouville assisted her to alight; she looked around for M. de Marillac, and perhaps felt an impulse of fear that he might be near at hand. She did not know that he was standing beneath the gateway, and that his dark brow knitted him last, his whole soul toward with fierce contending passions, his teeth still grinding with the pressure of the riding-whip, his hand the hilt of a corpse, emerging on one spot alone where his eyes could rest—the white hand of the lady of his love, leaving the twig green and white, and in the safer cities, the stripes are prized by the leagues of the fair Amazon in imitation of freshness and agreeable smell. Nothing can be more graceful than the long, thin branch of a cane, under still used by the women of Albania to urge the speed of the mules on which they ride, a bough and cane of the nude. The dexterity displayed by some of the young girls in maintaining the freshness of the leaves for a considerable time is sometimes surprising. The riding-whip seems not to have been introduced into general use until the reign of Henry III. of France. One of the best pictures of Callot, a celebrated court painter of the time, represents the manner of dancing the *gentilezze*, a sort of dance which flourished in the court of Henry, sent from Italy by the King's mother. It appears to have been danced at Florence, with the assistance of long wands of cherry, which by the time thereon were compelled to carry, in order to designate a certain figure of the dance by the manner chosen, while the ladies carried sticks of ivory for the same purpose. These materials must have been too expensive, and were soon laid aside for the *bastone*, which Beaujoyeux says he has seen exhibited in a novel—invented article, as he takes the trouble to explain its form and use. "A long elastic wand of cane or osier, covered with silk, and embroidered upon several it, and ornamented with colored tassels and silver bells, like those which the noble cavaliers of Spain carry in their hands when they escort the ladies to the chase." It was then, by all appearance, that the riding whip was first adopted by the ladies of France. The heavy riding-whip used by the youths of England could scarcely be wielded by their delicate hands, and they were, therefore, compelled to depend upon their caresses for assistance when required. The *bastone* from Spain was joyfully received, and we find it, almost immediately after its introduction to court, upon the occasion of the grand ball given in honor of the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse, where it was in indispensable appendage to the riding gear of a gentleman.

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Wit and Humor.

RATHER INQUISITIVE.

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day, with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many by standers:

"Jumping into an old-fashioned stage-coach, last month, in company with a number of gentlemen, on one of our railroads road, between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking old lady and a fine, whole-souled, hearted gentleman, who was just returning from a visit to Yankee-land.

"'Travelling East, I expect?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Live in Philadelphia, I reckon?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Oh, ah: to New York, may be?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Cute'lishin' to buy goods, I presume?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Never been there before, I wouldn't wonder?'

"'No, sir; never.'

"'Nice New York is a wonderful place.'

"'Such is my impression, sir.'

"'God believe, I expect?'

"'Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction.'

"'Wouldn't mind shown' you round myself a spell, if you wanted.'

"'I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance.'

"This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger, was a poser; and the 'inquisitive' fell back a moment to take breath, and change his tactics. The half suppressed smiles on the faces of the other passengers soon aroused her ire, and, whipping up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his head in any artist's studio in the land. Yes, sir,' said the Harry her side and her balm upon her knee, Elsie defied the world. Kings and queens might lend it where they liked—her region was absolute in her own little kingdom.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere lay nor care dull or allure the proper purpose,
Lift up the thoughts on high.
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care!
Have in thy heart a prayer!

And in the noon tide hour,
When by hot toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Thy soul faints for the quiet of prayer,
And the world grim does rest.
The voice shall sing and sorrow cheer
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,
While yet on earth the glowing colors deck the skies;
When with the loved, at home, again thou'rt met,
Then bless the Lord, and call on Him in prayer!

For those who in thy joys and sorrows share
Love is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth
Whom to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep midnight is the hour for both
To pause, bright dreamers of heaven—
Kneel to thy God—not strength life's ills to bear
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour while life is spared to thee—
In every place where thou may'st be—
Thy thoughts should heavenward fly—
At home—at church—at work—with loved ones dear—
Send them the home as prayer!

Selected Articles.

LABOR SAVING.

We have often been puzzled to know why it is, that people in other nations can earn their livelihood with half their needs, while we are seen obliged to throw our whole souls into the business, and then fail to get a decent support. Why, in those days, when steam does most of the hardest work, we should have to toil as hard as we do, and yet be able to get so little by it, is a problem which we have often considered, and whose explanation we think we have at last found. For a short time, we have been contriving labor saving machines; but we have found them more trouble than they are to take the farmer half the winter to thrash out his grain; he does it now in one day; but he pays for it. What is the use of hatchel the Patent Office—packed with models, and of saving labor among farmers, when they go home, and have, and shed, if, after all, most of us are obliged to work as hard and as long as we used to, and that, too, in every single branch of business? Now, that we can see. But we have not always been able to see it. In a large number of wholesale stores, down town, may now be seen a notice to the following effect: 'Store will be shut at half-past twelve o'clock on Saturday.' These boxes are then clipped down at the end of the week, and Wednesday, as schools were formerly, and gave the clerks a breathing time at the half-way point in the week. Formerly, Saturday, Saturday is good, though Wednesday might be better. Now, Saturday is the universal holiday throughout the community upon this course of ten hundred and fifty-six hours per annum, from the mid-night of Saturday to the midnight of Sunday, we take. We hope the time is not very far distant when Saturday afternoon will be a half as a universal holiday. We shall then believe there is something in the Patent Office, notwithstanding apparent appearances are against it.—*Home Journal.*

ITALIAN INDOLENCE.

A letter writer says: Hundreds of men in Italy are employed in painting "Madonnas" and "Holy Families," and pennies, little dabs of the Virgin Mary, the household gods of a superstitious people. I saw the last of hundreds of them in most parts of the peninsula; but the laborers, who for ages ought to have been long accustomed to their work, are lounging, smoking and sailcloth, have been building palaces, cathedrals, and temples, and have left behind them specimens of architecture, from the mud-cabin to the Colosseum, which are unrivaled in the world. Their sculptors, Michael Angelo, Canova, and others, have left behind them countless statues of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their painters, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and others, have left behind them countless paintings of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their poets, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, and others, have left behind them countless poems of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their musicians, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and others, have left behind them countless operas of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their actors, Salvini, Ristori, and others, have left behind them countless performances of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their singers, Grisi, Mario, and others, have left behind them countless songs of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. 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New Inventions.

A PATENT STEAM REAPER:

WARRANTED NEVER TO BECOME A BURDEN ON THE COUNTY.

The great advantage of the shore Reaper is, that he never wants to be fed, except while at work. When there is no grain nor any occasion for his services, he can be laid carefully aside: and even in the hardest sort of times, will never be found an applicant at the door, for either corn or cold victuals. When at work, however, he requires his provender duly and regularly. His food is coal, and his drink, like John, he comes "neither eating or drinking," and many of the poor think—not very unreasonably, it must be confessed—that "he hath a devil." After him, however, will follow an age both of eating and drinking, and when the gospel of heating, as well as of salvation, shall be preached to the poor.

Pictures of Life.

ELSIE'S FIRST TRIAL.

BY FANNY FERN.

Five happy years had Elsie Lee slept on her husband's bosom. Those peoples were those who shook their heads at her bridal, and said she would rue the day she wedded Harry Lee: that he was a spendthrift, and would break her heart.

She knew it was true, as they said, that he had loved unhappily before her; that he had been deceived, that had bewildered him was far beyond the ken; she might never cross his path again. But, then, Elsie was but a child in the woman to cloud the sunshine of the present with dim foreboding, or question the past of the purity of a love new so long and so true.

They were not rich; but light hearts seldom keep company with heavy purses. Elsie's fairy hand had made their small house better worth the seeing, than many a gorgeous drawing-room in the neighborhood. And for sculpture, she could show you a little dimpled fairy, whose golden locks had never yielded to shears, and whose match it were hard to find in any artist's studio in the land. Yes, Elsie and Harry Lee alone had been upon her knee, Elsie defied the world. Kings and queens might lend it where they liked—her region was absolute in her own little kingdom.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere lay nor care dull or allure the proper purpose,
Lift up the thoughts on high.
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care!
Have in thy heart a prayer!

And in the noon tide hour,
When by hot toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Thy soul faints for the quiet of prayer,
And the world grim does rest.
The voice shall sing and sorrow cheer
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,
While yet on earth the glowing colors deck the skies;
When with the loved, at home, again thou'rt met,
Then bless the Lord, and call on Him in prayer!

For those who in thy joys and sorrows share
Love is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth
Whom to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep midnight is the hour for both
To pause, bright dreamers of heaven—
Kneel to thy God—not strength life's ills to bear
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour while life is spared to thee—
In every place where thou may'st be—
Thy thoughts should heavenward fly—
At home—at church—at work—with loved ones dear—
Send them the home as prayer!

Selected Articles.

LABOR SAVING.

We have often been puzzled to know why it is, that people in other nations can earn their livelihood with half their needs, while we are seen obliged to throw our whole souls into the business, and then fail to get a decent support. Why, in those days, when steam does most of the hardest work, we should have to toil as hard as we do, and yet be able to get so little by it, is a problem which we have often considered, and whose explanation we think we have at last found. For a short time, we have been contriving labor saving machines; but we have found them more trouble than they are to take the farmer half the winter to thrash out his grain; he does it now in one day; but he pays for it. What is the use of hatchel the Patent Office—packed with models, and of saving labor among farmers, when they go home, and have, and shed, if, after all, most of us are obliged to work as hard and as long as we used to, and that, too, in every single branch of business? Now, that we can see. But we have not always been able to see it. In a large number of wholesale stores, down town, may now be seen a notice to the following effect: 'Store will be shut at half-past twelve o'clock on Saturday.' These boxes are then clipped down at the end of the week, and Wednesday, as schools were formerly, and gave the clerks a breathing time at the half-way point in the week. Formerly, Saturday, Saturday is good, though Wednesday might be better. Now, Saturday is the universal holiday throughout the community upon this course of ten hundred and fifty-six hours per annum, from the mid-night of Saturday to the midnight of Sunday, we take. We hope the time is not very far distant when Saturday afternoon will be a half as a universal holiday. We shall then believe there is something in the Patent Office, notwithstanding apparent appearances are against it.—*Home Journal.*

ITALIAN INDOLENCE.

A letter writer says: Hundreds of men in Italy are employed in painting "Madonnas" and "Holy Families," and pennies, little dabs of the Virgin Mary, the household gods of a superstitious people. I saw the last of hundreds of them in most parts of the peninsula; but the laborers, who for ages ought to have been long accustomed to their work, are lounging, smoking and sailcloth, have been building palaces, cathedrals, and temples, and have left behind them specimens of architecture, from the mud-cabin to the Colosseum, which are unrivaled in the world. Their sculptors, Michael Angelo, Canova, and others, have left behind them countless statues of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their painters, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and others, have left behind them countless paintings of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their poets, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, and others, have left behind them countless poems of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their musicians, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and others, have left behind them countless operas of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their actors, Salvini, Ristori, and others, have left behind them countless performances of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their singers, Grisi, Mario, and others, have left behind them countless songs of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their dancers, Taglioni, Elssler, and others, have left behind them countless dances of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their orators, Cicero, Demosthenes, and others, have left behind them countless speeches of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their historians, Livy, Tacitus, and others, have left behind them countless histories of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, and others, have left behind them countless systems of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their lawyers, Justinian, and others, have left behind them countless codes of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their physicians, Hippocrates, and others, have left behind them countless remedies for men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their theologians, Augustine, and others, have left behind them countless sermons of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their astronomers, Galileo, and others, have left behind them countless observations of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their mathematicians, Euclid, and others, have left behind them countless problems of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their chemists, Lavoisier, and others, have left behind them countless experiments of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their geologists, Lyell, and others, have left behind them countless strata of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their naturalists, Audubon, and others, have left behind them countless specimens of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their engineers, Brunel, and others, have left behind them countless bridges of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world. Their architects, Wren, and others, have left behind them countless buildings of men and women, which, for symmetry of form and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed by any thing in the world.

Miscellaneous.

TO FANNY FERN.

Oh, saith provoking Fanny,
Pray tell me, if you will,
What sort of a being you really are,
And whether a Jack or a Gill:
And much I wonder, Fanny,
If you are made or write;
Or has study cost you
Or is the bloom of life.

If you are blonde or brunette
With raiment rich or light,
Or sad and wavy tresses
That fleck in the morning light;
Have you tall and stately,
Or short and fairy form,
Or the two extremes between.

I would like to ask the editor,
But I know he would not tell;
Depend upon it, Fanny,
He keeps you all quite well;
Oh, there are many pictures
I have framed in my fancy,
But the crowned I have vouchsafed up,
And still I Fanny Fern.

The ideal picture I have sketched,
In a being kind and true,
And all that I could wish for
I've combined in you
Then I'll not ask you, Fanny,
If the genius of your pen
Can stir the heart of woman thee,
How it is with men.

A NEW MODE OF ROBBING PEDESTRIANS.

About two months ago, an elderly gentleman, while walking in one of our public streets, had his watch abstracted from his pocket in a manner somewhat novel. He received a shock of no trifling character, and was thrown down violently on the pavement, and stunned for a few moments, and as pain that none could misunderstand, he complained bitterly, saying as it did from the lips of innocent childhood.

Moore's Wife.—"Moore's wife," says an English paper, "was a handsome woman when Moore last met a word is said of her in Lord John Russell's Life of the Poet. This event must have been a terrible blow to the poor wife family, and especially to his mother, who expected that he would have married a woman in her own right, at the very least, with an ample fortune. Indeed, he did not summon courage to mention the fact to her for three months. She was, however, a most excellent and devoted wife, and Moore always said he had any relations of her own, for they are not once mentioned; but all her thoughts, hopes and affections were given up to her husband and his family."

For the Young.

FOOD.

Q. What is *food* of the body?

A. *Food* is the *food* of the *body*. The *nerves of the food*, mixing with the *organs of the air*, and *blood*, and *bone*, in the *stomach*, form a fire or candle does.

Q. How is *food* converted into *blood*?

A. After it is swallowed, it is dissolved in the stomach into a *grey pulp*, called *Chyme*: it then passes into the intestines, and is conveyed by the "bile" into a *milky substance*, called *chyle*.

Q. What becomes of the milky substance called *chyle*?

A. It is absorbed by the vessels called "*lacteals*," and poured into the veins on the *right side of the heart*.

Q. What becomes of the *chyle*, *after* it is poured into the veins?

A. It mingles with the *blood*, and is itself *converted* into blood also.

Q. How does the *oxygen* we inhale *mingle* with the *blood*?

A. The oxygen of the air mingles with the *blood in the lungs*, and converts it into a *bright red* color.

Q. How does *oxygen* convert the color of the blood into a bright red?

A. The *coloring* matter of the blood is formed from *globules* floating in it. The *oxygen* (uniting with the *coats of these globules*) makes them *swollen*—and the dark coloring matter of the blood (seen through the coats) disappears of a *bright red*.

Q. What color is the blood *before* it is exposed in the lungs?

A. *Dark purple*. The oxygen turns it to a *bright red*.

Ordered, that it, impregnated with *oxygen*.

Q. Why are *grave yards*, who live *grave* in *cities* rooms and *cities*?

A. Because the blood derives its redness from the oxygen of the air inhaled: but, as the air in close rooms and cities is not *fresh*, it is not sufficiently impregnated with oxygen to give the blood a beautiful bright red.

Q. Why are persons who live in the open air and in the country, of a *ruddy* complexion?

A. Because they inhale fresh air which has its full proportion of oxygen—and the blood derives its bright red color from the oxygen of the air inhaled.

Q. Why is not the air in *cities so fresh* as that in the country?

A. Because it is impregnated with the *breath* of its numerous *inhabitants*, the *odor* of its *sewers*, the *smoke* of its *fires*, and many *other* impurities.—*From "Familiar Science," by A. E. Patterson.*

NURSERY STORIES.

"I shall not confine you to read these books," said a philosophical rationalist, one day, as he entered the room where his little daughter was on the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk* lying on the floor, and her head resting upon her little Dick. "So it is, indeed!" said little Mary. "Oh, pa, don't take it away! I like to read it very much indeed." "Why, my dear children?" said the father, "I do not approve of such things. They are not true, and they are absurd. They teach you to believe what is impossible, and what nobody can understand." "I understand it, pa," said Dick. "And so do I," said Mary. "And so do I," said little Wilhelmina. "You think you do," said papa, "but you don't understand it. You do not understand how a beanstalk can grow to the clouds, and a cow could climb up and find solid ground to stand upon. Now, do be rational—just consider the matter, and see how very absurd it is."

Silence prevails for a moment, and the father proceeds to explain the impossibility of the last at the point of rationalizing his juveniles. But little Mary is not pleased: she sulks and pouts, and refuses to be argued, and cries out when she murmurs: "I don't think it